



Bad JuJu

ONE DOLLAR



Pass it on

◀ \$+@ff



*Schmopyright 1997
Help yourself to
anything in here, but
send us free stuff.
Thats what we like.*

SUBMISSIONS

Art should be 8.5 x 5.5 and xeroxable (simple, high contrast).

Text should be sent to Ryan, by e-mail so he doesn't have to type it.

Tell us if you want your name included with your piece.

**RECORDS, ZINES
AND ALL OTHER**
To be reviewed send two copies to Ryan

ADVERTISING
Five dollars for a half page ad and ten dollars for a full page. Follow the same guidelines for artistic submissions.

CONSUME!

Always printed on reused paper, Bad Juju will remain half size because its easier to get paper. This free paper allows us to charge so little and may even force us to print more often. Yeah!

BAD JUJU

Spring 1997

Number one



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EDITORIAL

I'm standing by my shower and I know something's wrong, so I run downstairs to find my bathrobe making coffee in my kitchen! At first he tries to run away and then he turns on me, at first strangling me with the belt thing and then hitting me with a phone book...

Fortunately that was only a dream but I've thought about it a lot... Science answers (regardless of whether its right) our questions about the universe, and any thing that falls

outside of those answers should be feared. If a man were to wake up a cockroach he wouldn't be ignored, but instead brutally killed by a terrified mob, probably repeatedly hit by suburban four-wheel drive vehicles. This isn't to say that we should reject science and live as wilderness people but we should look at things beyond face value, not grabbing at other people's answers so quickly.

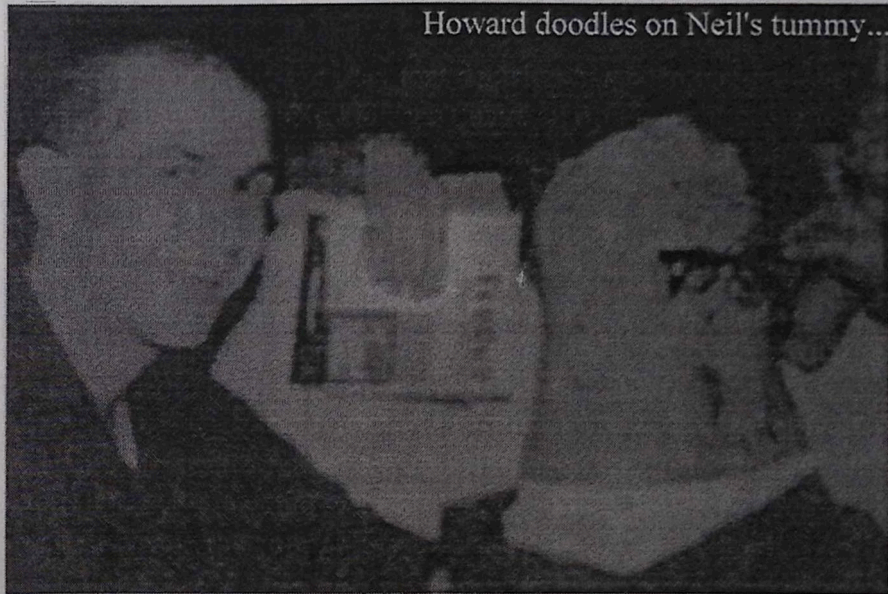
In the example of TV its easy to see the spoon that's force feeding us ideas, especially in children's programming which must try to be blatant: happy little kids + annoying doll = the doll is the only thing that will make you happy, you NEED to go spend your money on some crappy toy. But the example can be used for anything from cars to what city you should live in to what you should do on your weekends.

But sometimes its more difficult to see these foreign ideas. Take a look at the straight-edge movement. At one time it was about doing what was right for you, *you* had the ultimate decision over what

went into your body, but now that decision has been handed over to someone else; the sXe kids can't have an opinion about something until Earth Crisis has written a song about it. I know many people to whom this doesn't apply; they're sincere and well educated in their beliefs, but most out there have very strong feelings about things they really don't care about.

The moral of the story is think before you latch hold of someone else ideas. Look closely at those answers and see what they're worth; beating someone who wears leather won't liberate animals everywhere nor will buying Rage Against The Machine's next album free Tibet. This applies to everything from what you eat to what you buy and wear. In our capitalistic society your greatest weapon is your ability to make choices for yourself.

Howard doodles on Neil's tummy...



*You might have been reading this quite a bit earlier. Several months of waiting for things my friends never got around to sending me, being ready to make copies only to have Eton point out my inability to use the English language, finding at least ten errors a page, fixing those and then having my computer crash.... Anyway special thanks to The Most Secret Method (the very first band to be interviewed on behalf of Bad Juju) and anyone else who helped out. Thanks. **B&J***

Moms agree: Bad Juju is good for you!

Nutrition Facts

Serving Size 1 cup (31g)

Servings 24

Calories 110

Fat Cal. 15



*Percent Daily Values (DV) are based on a 2,000 calorie diet.

Next Months Ingredients: The Sex Issue! Facts before untold about the human body that'll rock your socks off. Interviews with The Dismemberment Plan, Christ, and a secret treat just for you. If that wasn't enough you'll get installment two of WAKE UP!, tantalizing article(s) and useful information on screen printing and all the other goodies that come standard with a frothing bowl of Bad Juju. We'll even have short fiction!

And the month after that: The Travel Issue. Cram packed with tour stories (some even true!) and the skivy on the Great American experience. We'll have interviews with the Monorchid and the Make-Up, articles that you need to read, hopefully some useful stuff along for the ride. This is relatively far in the future so we'll have a better idea of its nutritional information as it approaches.

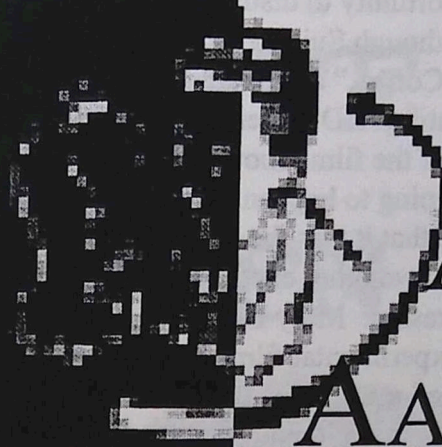
News for your heart!

A heart-healthy lifestyle means making good choices. Make a smart choice-include Bad Juju in a breakfast with soy milk, juice, toast, and low fat spread.

*The ingredients of a given month may change without notice. Its a matter of how long it takes us to put something in order that determines if it will make an issue or go in the next one.

**The Sex issue is mostly an excuse for us to act immature! Beware, yet Consume!





A IS FOR ARDVARK

THE GLENMONT SOUND SYSTEM

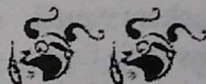
Out of the Silver Springs area, the Glenmont Sound System definitely reflects what's going on in DC. On one hand, the band grabs hold of the DC post hard-core sound: utilizing artistic noise with vocals that remind me somewhat of Ian Svenonius, meanwhile merging this distortion with spoken hip-hop that is very prevalent on their 2 song demo.

I talked briefly with Joe Mitra, who sings and plays bass.

agreed that the band is really traveling in two different directions, he and the drummer really admire the hip-hop sound while the other singer, who plays guitar, is really pushing for the noise aspect. The band will become even more dynamic as their violin player returns after a year away at college.

It's a shame that this rock'n trio has only a two song demo out. If you're interested in seeing them, which you definitely should be, or are interested in seeing how you could get a copy of their demo, write to Joe Mitra, 3516 Forsythia Ln, Burtonsville MD 20866. **[B&J]**

THE DC 6 SCREENING



If you were looking forward to "the birth of the DC indie film revolution" you were probably disappointed by the DC 6 Screening, finding instead a television in the basement of Border's Books and a hundred or so adults. Regardless of whether the art of film was revolutionized there were definitely some amazing artists present. My favorite piece of the lot was, "Connie Selleca's Recipe," by Eric

Cheevers, who unfortunately wasn't there. Through excellent narration and clever cinematography it told an amazingly, simple story about two everyday burglars. Also shown was a very humorous narration about a Virginian attempting to fit in with a gang of hipsters, "North Route 1," by Jason Farrell. If you don't get a chance to see a public showing of this you can purchase it for nine dollars from Dischord Records.

The flier promised that the filmmakers would discuss their future projects and their past experiences but a fairly unresponsive audience kept them from talking much; for the most part they put in the tape and sat down. I was also disappointed that none of the filmmakers used

the opportunity to distribute their other works, though Sujewa Ekanayake, maker of "Fresh Coffee," a film about an artist confronting AIDS, mentioned a tape featuring all of the films shown. I don't think this is going to happen though, as Jason told me that it was the first he'd heard of it.

Two other excellent filmmakers were present: Mary Billyou whose three, short experimental films shot in 8mm reminded me a lot of Barbara Kruger's work regarding media, sex, and power. A powerful, but somewhat confusing piece was delivered by Jawbox's Zachary Borocas, which seemed to deal with love and lust, I think. It showed a couple jumped back and forth between what appeared to be the Garden of Eden where they burned Polaroids on a Hibachi grill and an apartment where the girl was filling in a crossword. Though the event wasn't revolutionary it was definitely a collection of some of the District's most promising artists. **B&J**

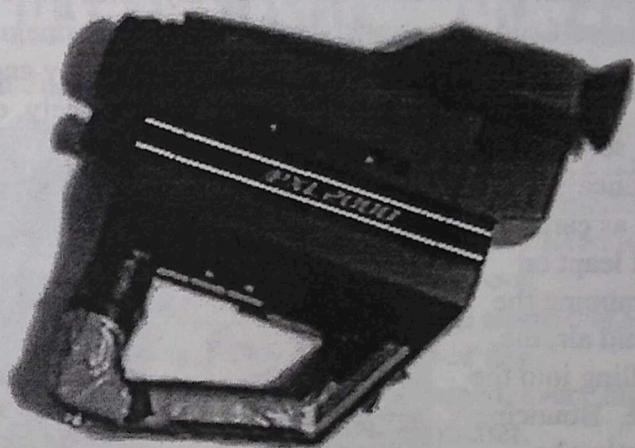
MANCAKE

"Mancake will only ever play for 10 or 13 minutes live. Too much Mancake will hurt you," were Reno's only words.

"At the first Mancake show I had a helmet which I lit on fire and threw into the audience. It burned two people..." The action didn't stop at that show. December 1st the Mancake was once again sighted...

The audience stared at the stage, the drummer its only inhabitant, "Please, no flash photography." With those words from the side stage thunder rolled in; Reno

HAVE YOU SEEN ME?



The Kandy Cane Knee Sprain Video Production Team is sad to say that our camera has recently bit the dust, but we are on the vigilant lookout for another. If you have a PXL-2000 that you are willing to part with, you would forever have our gratitude (plus free copies of everything we ever do and any other perks we can think up). We're interested in both functional and quasi-functional units and will pay money... please contact Bad Juju or e-mail us at raswansn@erols.com

and Big Pants leaped in wielding heavy guitars, clad in blue robes and cowboy hats. Reno sporting a rubber chicken in his teeth; Big Pants, a continuous spray of strawberry-guava, hitting himself and his bass guitar as much as the audience. A scream was the audience's warning as cartoon bear suit leapt on stage, grabbing the mic in mid air, the stand falling into the audience. Bouncing off a speaker he shoved the mic through his oversized mouth, to emit subhuman screams. Tearing off his cartoon head, Pony, to the taunts of the audience, hit a kid in the head with a casting net.

Cornering the band after this bizarre performance, they were able to answer few of our many questions.

"I'm Reno, Shelby from Frodus doesn't like me because he says I rip him off, the bassist is Big Pants, and Astro is the drummer." Questions as to Astro's ordinary appearance brought the answer, "He's the man. We're the pancake. Our name will always be written 'part man, part cake'"

Pony had more to say: "the funny part about Mancake is even though it's really funny stuff my lyrics are really seriously done. I got angry one night, because an American will buy and sell anything if it's packaged nicely, even if it



Reno masquerading as Shelby Cinca

The Most Secret Method rocks! Ear melting guitars and heart renching vocals spell out mmmmm..... (for see more complements for a great band, look at the record reviews). A week earlier the band had played on the Black Cat Backstage and several people spoke in awe of the Method's last tour. Unfortunately, my mom was leaving so the tour was about all we got a chance to talk about; look forward to a full length interview soon. Read on!

THE MOST SECRET METHOD

Bad Juju:

At the last show I heard how difficult your tour's been, what happened?

Marc: Where do we start? We got a flat tire in Canada...

BJJ: Your tour went into Canada?

Marc: Briefly, we got into Onawaa.

Johanna: We got run off the road.

Marc: Ann got run

off the road by a truck driver, Canada's roads end without warning; so and we almost got killed. Then we got a flat, and we argued with this Canadian mechanic about the problem after they fixed it and we never got it straightened out.

Johanna: There's a rain storm that followed us... Day after day after day

Marc: Every day it rained, every night, every show, it didn't matter.

Ryan: The mechanic...

BJJ: He spoke English?

Marc: Oh yeah, we weren't playing in Quebec. Then what else...

Johanna: And then things went OK. We





were on our way to Madison and that's when the real shit happened.

Marc: We had a good stretch from Chicago to Milwaukee, Minneapolis; those were great, St. Louis was great. And then we're driving to Madison and my van starts to hesitate like it used to, and so I guess the cylinders are corroding in it; it was just a mess. That was gonna cost us three thousand dollars, I started to lose my mind. Then we got a U-haul truck, put the van in the back of it, it was pretty pathetic. Ended up driving from Wisconsin to here. And then in Cleveland I really lost my mind, cause I didn't want to leave the shit in the back, so I woke everybody up... well no body was sleeping yet, but I made everybody lug the shit in the house we were staying in.

Ryan: U-haul was the worst.

Marc: U-haul was the worst *<everyone laughs>*, because they fuckin'... I don't know if you want to hear all this, but they...

Johanna: You can condense it. The long and the short of it was- they were not customer friendly, and they were idiots and they all were fucking lazy, because they gave us a dolly

that didn't work...

Marc: They made me go all the way across town to get the dolly after I got the truck. *<more laughter>* And then, the dolly they gave me was busted, the shit was fuckin' broken, came apart on us while we were coming back.

Ryan: We asked for another one

Marc: And the guy says, *<everyone is now laughing>*

Ann: "I've already filled out the paper work on this one already!" The best part of the whole U-haul thing was the four of us sitting in the front seat for 12 hours at a time.

Marc: It was awful...

Johanna: How about the group that canceled three times?

Marc: Every show we had with Karp they canceled. That never worked out; I don't even thing they exist. I guess that was it for our trouble... Things pick back up in Baltimore, the third song the electricity blows out, so we wait for 20 minutes to fix that...

Johanna: My amp didn't hook up; it blew its connection.

Marc: And then the feed back was so terrible we just ended up ripping all the mics out anyway, and played the show instrumental.

Johanna: That's it...

Marc: And then the last night, her car gets broken into and all his shit gets stolen. <laughter>

Ryan: Oh yeah, all my clothes are gone.

Ann: Bad Juju, that's what you can call this: the Tour of Bad Juju.

Marc: Its the Bad Juju tour.

BJJ: I was also wondering; Ryan, you do all the artwork, right?

Ryan: Yeah...

BJJ: Because at first I thought it might be Adrian Tomine.

Marc: <laughs>
That's funny, He

beat him to publication.

Ryan: I've heard comparisons to Adrian Tomine, uh, and also, Ian was saying it looked like... what's that guy's name?

BJJ: The one who does Mark Trail... <laughter>

Marc: It looks like, oh God, I can't think of his name.

Ryan: Pettibone I think; I'll remember and tell you later.

BJJ: I think that's about it, well thanks a lot. Is there anything else you'd like to say quickly?

Marc: Is that it? I'm glad everything else went well tonight.

BJJ: Does this end the tour?

Marc: Actually it ended last Monday. This is kinda like the period.

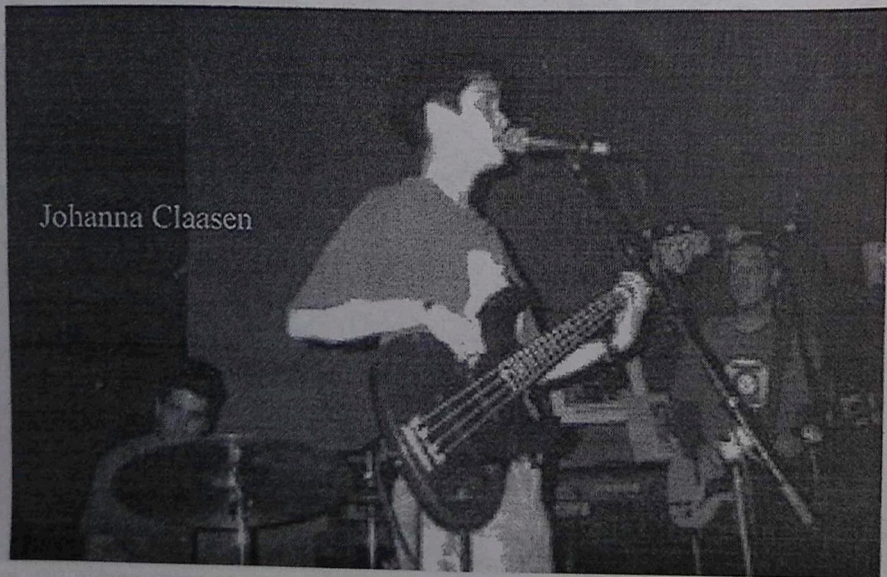
Ryan: We always wanted to play at go.

Marc: Yeah, we were suppose to play our first show at Go! Compact Discs...

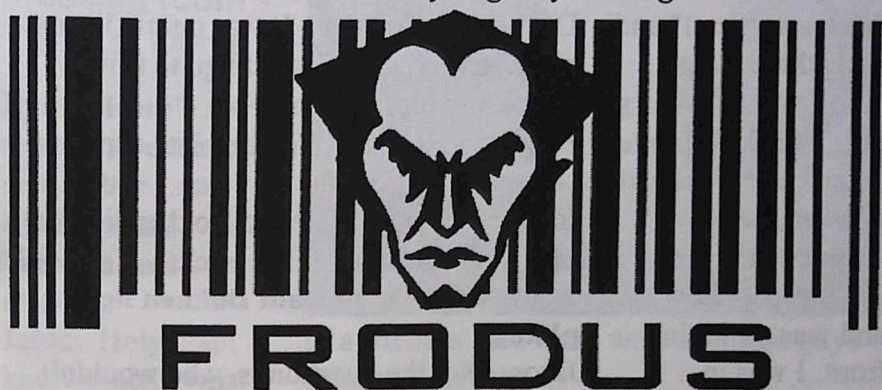
Johanna: But, it never worked out...

BJJ: That must be were all the bad juju began. O.K. thanks a lot. [BJJ]

Johanna Claasen



Spazz-core that'll knock your innards loose! We've learned that Howard is leaving the band to pursue his computer career. It's a shame, but at least he'll be playing a few more shows with Frodus before moving on. Could this be the last Frodus interview ever to include Howard? Aren't you glad you bought this?



Neil: Question number one: What is the Frodus-Dokken connection.

Jason: <laughs> Let me tell you about the Frodus-Dokken connection. First of all it starts out with my Jacket, my backpatch... this is a Stryper patch. The reason why is when I was younger, I was in seventh grade. When ever that is 12, 13? I was probably 12.

Shelby: He wasn't a teen.

Jason: I got a drum set.

Shelby: But he had a teen-peni <'phi•ni>...

Jason: Shelby just said I had a teen-peni.

Well want to hear something funny?

Shelby still has a teen-peni! If you want to get technical, Shelby has a pre-teen-peni <laughter>. And I won't go any further than that. But anyway, I went to a Stryper show when I was seventh grade. And just for a fact, "To Hell with the Devil" by

"YAAOOOUUWW!" and this guy's like, "ROCK"N WITH DOKKEN, man!" He was head bangin' like crazy, and I'm like, "What the hell is this?"

Stryper was the first song I ever played on a drum set. I went to the Stryper show and they made us all sit down on the floor before Stryper played.

Ryan: Why did they make you sit on the floor?

Jason: I don't know. Then right before Stryper played everyone went "Raawwwrrrr!" and rushed the stage. And I went, "what's going on?" <Bernie enters with a (wheat gluten) burger> Anyway, I went to the Stryper show and was up in the front; I was in seventh grade, I was like 4'9; really small. It got to this double bass part, "Dooka-Chakka! Dooka-Chakka! Dooka-Chakka! Dooka-Chakka, Yaaoooouuwww!" and this guy's like, "Rock'n with DOKKEN, man!". He was head bang'n like crazy, and I'm like, "What the hell is this?" <Shelby's in the background hackling Jason about using microphones...> It was really hard and I'm

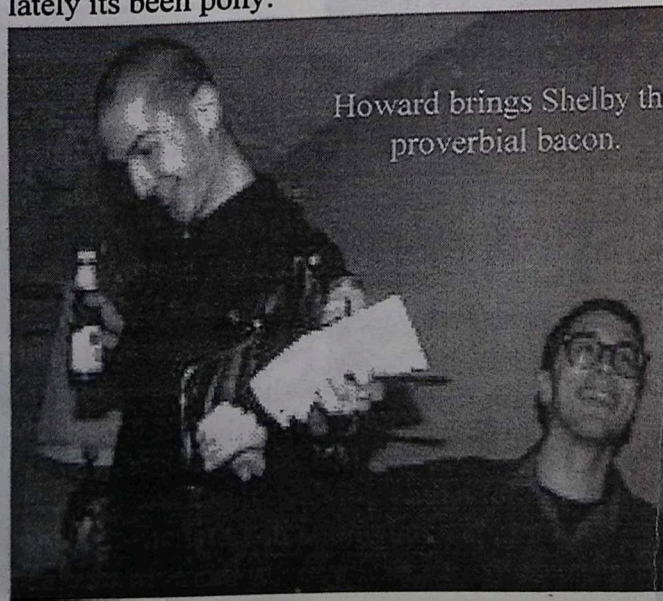
saying, "What the hell is going on?" That was weird so I went and sat in the stands for a while, because I was kinda weirded out by the guy. I thought it was the funniest thing in the world, I just started saying Dokken everywhere. It was on my license plate. Every show I would go to it was "Rock'n with Dokken!"

Howard: He let his license plate expire and someone else took it.

Jason: Someone stole the Dokken license plates off the front of my truck.

Neil: Who would want Dokken license plates?

Jason: No, the question is, who wouldn't want them? But I haven't said it in a long time. You see I get in these phases when I talk like I'll have certain words; like Dokken was forever. Sheep-shave, I used to say that a lot. There was no meaning, I would make up a meaning for the term, "sheep-shave". Man that's a total sheep-shave, its like a guy walking with a limp, its just like what are you talking about? And lately its been pony.



Howard brings Shelby the proverbial bacon.

"Bands please do NOT smoke pot or use any illegal drugs in the dressing room Thanks, Dante."

Ryan: Here's our serious question... remember Lane LiaBraaten? We've heard stories...

Jason: Holy crap! I know exactly what you're talking about. Okay, go ahead...

Ryan: We've heard stories about you peeing in his beer.

Jason: No, it was grain alcohol.

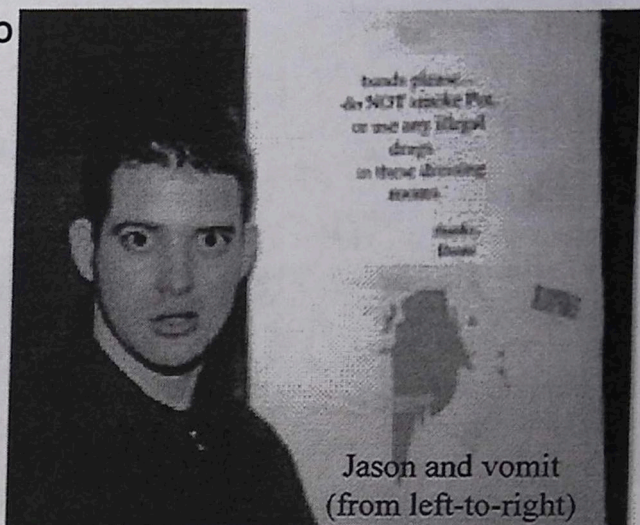
Neil: I told you it wasn't beer.

Ryan: And so it was his?

Jason: No. He had nothing to do with it.

Ryan: Really.

Jason: He had something to do with it. Here's the deal: we were at this party, at a friend



Jason and vomit
(from left-to-right)

of a friend's, and there were all these guys drinking. Linzee...

Ryan: Lane's sister.

Jason: Yeah, She was really upset because they were pressuring lane into drinking and doing stuff he didn't want to do. I'm like, "Man, that sucks!" I'm straight-edge, he's sXe, were all sXe, you know what I mean, were not like Earth Crisis. I just couldn't believe that someone was pressuring someone younger than them to drink, I just couldn't believe. It really made me angry. So I was just like, "I'll go pee in the vodka!" <laughs> I didn't know it wasn't Vodka, it turned out to be some really, really rare grain alcohol. And if I would have known they would have paid that much money for it, I wouldn't have done it. They were really angry at me. It was childish and I shouldn't of done, but at the same time I haven't done something like that in I don't know how many years. I'm pretty sure that the guy hates me.

Ryan: So that wasn't your run of the

mill Frodus antics?

Jason: Frodus antics don't involve stuff like that usually.... *<conversation wanders off>* That kind of stuff always made me angry. Like namely cigarettes. People know it will kill them, there's no reason to start smoking other than to be cool. Like, "Gosh, I feel tired, I'm gonna go smoke, I'm bored, I'm going to hold something in my hand and light it on fire".

Shelby: It's like a little fetish.

Jason: But you have to acquire it for a reason, that's to look cool. You don't start smoking because it's enjoyable. You're sitting there, you're coughing and you're hacking, it's like



"I've got five bucks, I'll go start smoking"...nobody says that.

Neil: Okay, how 'bout some origin...

Howard: Lets give them a little recap.

Jason: This will be a quick summary.

Shelby: you can get the rest off the web site, <http://www.avamedia.com/frodus/>

Jason: We've been around probably about three years, but playing out for about a year and a half. We had a few bass player problems. Our first one was Jim Cooper, our second real bassist was Andrew Duncan. They both left us to go to school in Chicago. So were saying "What's goin' on in Chicago?" And then we met Howard, because I was trying to get Frodus out on a label. We bugged Howard every day.

Ryan: You were running a label at that point?

Howard: I ran Level Records. Back in the day. Back before it go bought by the man.

Jason: But we always wanted him to play



FRODUS CONGLOMERATE INTERNATIONAL

called Your Majesty.

Howard: Actually, you know what happened? I asked to join Frodus and Shelby said "no".

Neil: Why would you turn down that face?

Shelby: I don't know

Howard: Remember?

Shelby: What....?

Neil: Your denying it now.

Howard: *<to Jason>* You told me you talked to Shelby about it and he said he didn't know. The truth is out.

Shelby: Because we weren't sure what was going on with Dana.

Jason: *<laughs>* I don't remember him but just that name makes



me laugh.

Howard: I'm just kidding; Shelby wanted me. He's happy, he's happy...

Jason: Shelby and I have done all sorts of stuff over the years. I mean, we've done one East

Coast tour, one U.S. tour. Playin' weekend shows all over, were gettn' ready to do an East Coast/Midwest tour, we're going to do a Florida tour, then we're going to do a Scandinavian tour.

Neil: Your huge there.

Jason: Yes, we've sold thirteen thousand albums. No, but touring with Battery I got to tour up in Sweden. I met a really cool guy named Daniel up there. He came to

America this summer and stayed for two months. He got to see Frodus and thought a lot of people would really like it over there.

This guy, Hawkin's over there has a label called No Turning Back. I gave him a CD, he loved it. He's putting a record out over there, so it's cool. That's what's going on in our little history.

Ryan: We were wondering if you'd give us a straight answer as to where the name Frodus comes from.

Jason: I think that's Shelby's department.

Shelby: Well, I think it has a definite origin, hence the release of the Frodus/Trans Megetti split, each band getting their names from TV shows, us being the Monkees episode

about this *Plant/Alien* named Frodus, who was captured by an evil madman. The power of this *Plant/Alien* was hypnotism through television screens. The madman employed this *Alien/Plant*, it was basically a plant with a big football with an eye drawn on it, to hypnotize the world and take over. Peter Torque got hypnotized, and then the whole Monkees had to free him.

Ryan: Which one quit?

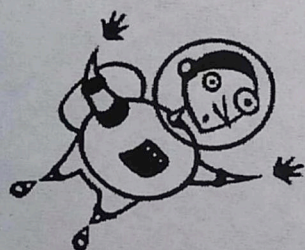
Shelby: That was Mike Nesmith.

Neil: Didn't his dad invent White-Out?

Ryan: I hope so.

<some girl informs us that that was his mother>

Neil: His mother? So he has the whole company now, right?



Shelby: But the whole reunion thing, I don't agree.

Neil: They're writing their own songs now.

Shelby: Yeah, but who cares?

Neil: I know, I'm saying "They're writing their own songs now" *<With expression reminiscent of that one displays when receiving a Christmas sweater from one's great-aunt>*

Shelby: By the way, the Monkees freed the Frodus, and I remember when I was a little kid my brother used to watch it, and he used to go, "Frodus Room, man" like a little beatnik, 'cause that's this one part in it, cause they're like, "Where's the Frodus?" and this beatnik walks out and

says "Frodus Room," and puts up a sign on the door. Then when we were figuring out a band name and I said "Frodus Room" and Jason's like "How about just Frodus?" So, hence the name.

Kurt: I've got a minor unimportant question.

Ryan: They're the best kind.

Kurt: The second song on *Molotov Cocktail Party* with horns and whatever is on there, who plays what on that?

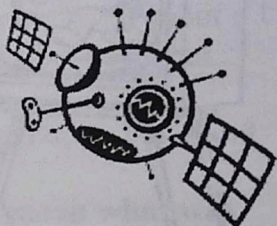
Shelby: It's Jim, Jason and I, and Charles Bennington,

on saxophone. He runs WGNS studio. It will soon be out of print for good.

Neil: Have to shoot something at Shelby really quick. I was speaking to you and we came to the subject of you family and your brother...

Shelby: Bobby...

Neil: YOUR BROTHER'S NAME WAS NOT BOBBY! NOT Robert, NOT Bobby.



<Jason says the name, but no one hears>.

Neil: IT'S SOMETHING MORE THAN BOBBY!

Jason: I won't say it again, because I mistakenly said it out loud and Shelby really doesn't want me to say it. But you can rewind your tape and listen to it later.

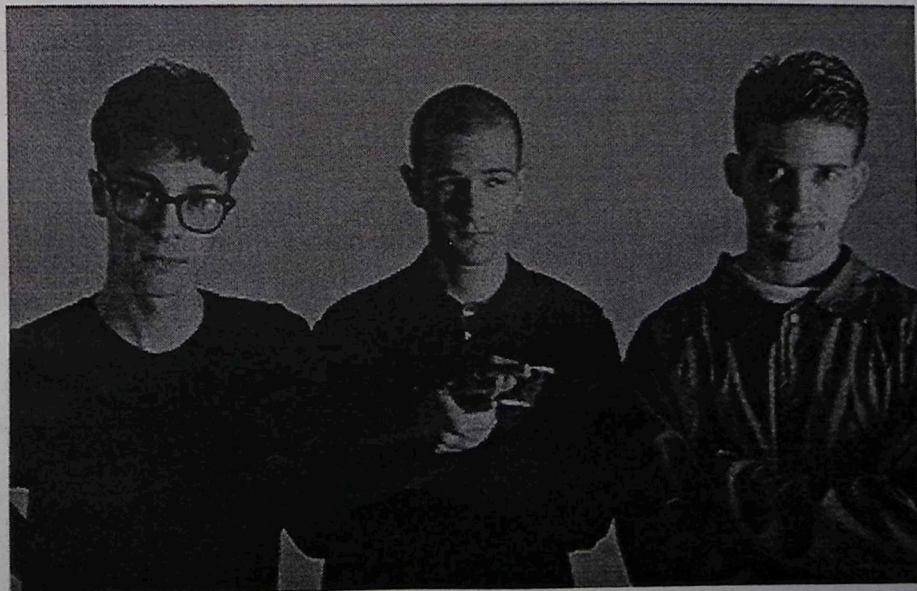
Neil: I knew you...you...you tried to fool me!

Shelby: My whole family has Americanized first names.

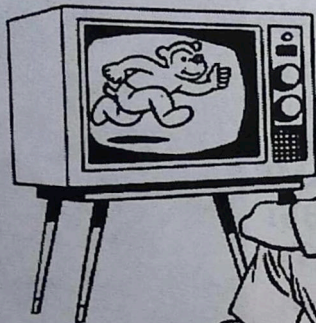
Neil: Are you first generation?

Ryan: From where? Am I going to be

^ Shelby's mysterious past....page 33.



Visiting home for
the holidays, the
Gollipopps played a
series of shows in ▲



gollipopps
gollipopps

we love gollipopps!

**Virginia. The inter-
view followed those
with Mancake and
Frodus, so you'll pick
up on some quirky
connections.*

Neil: Who are you
and what do you
do in the
Gollipopps?

C. Baise: My name
is Chaud Baise, it is
spelled C-H-A-U-D
B-A-I-S-E, Which
means 'hot fuck' in
French. I play the
bass guitar and the
guitar, and some-
times the keyboards,
and even sing
occasionally.

Neil: Thank you.
Who are you and
what do you do?

Paulipopp: I am
Paulipopp. I switch
off with Chaud
Baise between

guitar and bass.

Neil: Who are you and what do you do
in the Gollipopps?

Rustitoddipopp: I'm Rustitoddipopp

Neil: Pardon? Could you spell it please?

Rustitoddipopp: It sounds like this. (sings
Rustitoddipopp).

C. Baise: Just spell it the way you would
normally spell it, only substitute i's for y's,
because we prefer the i's to the y's. The
Gollipopps is spelled G-O-L-L-I-P-O-P-P-
S, and then put two p's at the end of his
name, and you'll have Rustitoddipopp. It
looks like Rus-tito-ddip-opp, for the record,
but it's actually pronounced Rusti-toddi-popp.

Neil: Who are you and what do you do?

Starpopp: I am Starpopp, and I orchestrate
the goings-on amongst this galaxy that
involve the Gollipopps.

Rustitoddipopp: He is master of the universe.

Neil: He-man.

Rustitoddipopp: Commander of destiny,

ruler of all that is, was, and ever will be. Tonight he was covering...

Starpopp: We were all covering lots of bases for Katiepopp, who was not around, who covers melody aspects of the band.

We cover polyphonic aspects of the band, with various aspects of guitars, keyboards, and certain other things. Therefore, the next time you see us, it will

all be quite different. In fact, you probably might not recognize us, except for our ascots.

Which, in some fashion, symbolize our royal heritage.

Neil: And what heritage would that be?

The Mystery Popp: That's determined by the colors of the ascots.

Neil: Care to elaborate there?

The Mystery Popp: Well, that's something where you just have to do your homework, as far as what country origins involve what colors.

C. Baise: It's somewhat open to interpretation.

Neil: How long have the Gollipopps been functioning as a unit?

The Mystery Popp: The Gollipopps existed in one form or another for going on about three years now, with about a 1 year hiatus in-between that...

Neil: For?

The Mystery Popp: For about one year.

Neil: No, I mean what was

the hiatus for?

The Mystery Popp: Oh, you know, diaspora, we all went our separate ways.

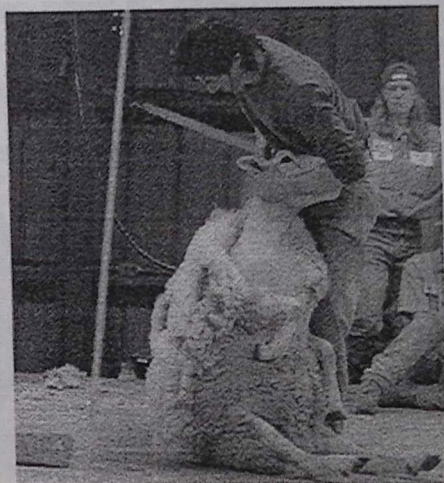
Neil: Oh, okay.

Kurt: Did you say that you make your own outfits?

The Mystery Popp: We

certainly do. In fact, Starpopp, Piscinipopp, and Megan, who is a co-conspirator of our cause, labored many intense hours, searching for the precise fabrics, and stitching. This is only phase one, phase two and three have yet to be completed, due to funding and time constraints.

Kurt: Is there anything involving robotics?



The Mystery Popp: Other than our mechanical sound-makers, no.

Kurt: No little metal men on stage with you?

The Mystery Popp: Well, that's discounting the tiny, microscopic implants we all have behind our left ears.

Kurt: That's the kind of stuff we want to hear about. Actually our friend wanted us to ask you

about space and the future.

Neil: How do you feel about space and the future?

The Mystery Popp: The future is yours.

Neil: Have you shown him the pen?

<Kurt produces a pen he found w/ two men who strip when it's turned upside down>. This is a pen we found outside. Now they're wearing pants, now they aren't.

Random people: Isn't that awesome? Found it on the ground. How do they do it?

The Mystery Popp: That's one

of those little magic tricks that boggles the mind. It's kind of the epitome of what the Gollipopps as a unit try to achieve. Now you see it, now you don't. One time it looks this way, another time it looks and sounds...

Rustitoddipopp: Ah, my God! *<He pulls an electrical cord off of The Mystery Popp's back, pretending it is a snake. laugh-*

ter> We're safe.

The Mystery Popp: I didn't know what it was.

Rustitoddipopp: It was about to attack you.

The Mystery Popp: Thank you for saving me.

Rustitoddipopp: What's the sound of one hand clapping? *<demonstrates>*

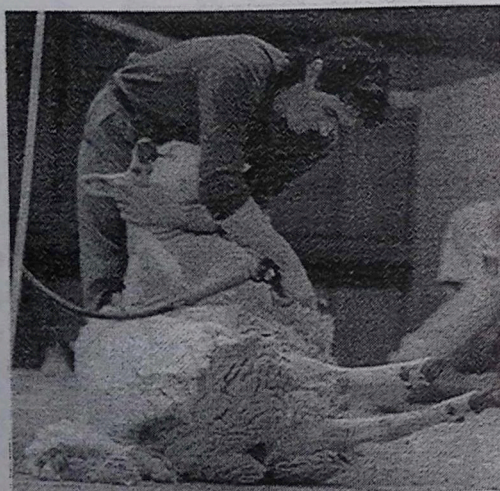
The Mystery Popp: Duh.

Rustitoddipopp: *<Showing medal around his neck> We won first place in North Carolina.*

Neil: For what?

Rustitoddipopp: For being the best Gollipopps ever.

<Various people refer to



Piscinipopp as Reno>

Neil: Reno?

Kurt: You're not Reno.

Piscinipopp: That is my God-given name, or my dad-given name.

Neil: What do you know of Pony?

Piscinipopp: Pony? Pony who?

Neil: Next question: who are you and what do you do?

Piscinipopp: I am Piscinipopp, and I...we...,

you can just ask him. I play drums, mostly.

The Mystery Popp: He performs the mechanical rhythms.

Kurt: May we ask you for a definition of the

term sheep-shave?

The Mystery Popp: That seems to call attention to a quote I saw in the newspaper today about a sheared beaver. Apparently it was a gift that you would love to give to your significant other of the female persuasion.

Rustitoddipopp: Of the significant sheep persuasion. That's what I think sheep-shave is all

about. The significant other of the sheep persuasion.

The Mystery Popp: Beavers and sheep kind of exist on the same plane in my mind, especially when they're sheared.

Kurt: Do you know where castor oil comes from?

Piscinipopp: Castors, don't they?

Kurt: A beaver's anus.

Neil: Looks of astonishment abound.

Rustitoddipopp: Did you learn that from Beavis?

Kurt: No, actually I learned it in Latin class.

Piscinipopp: I must have not been in

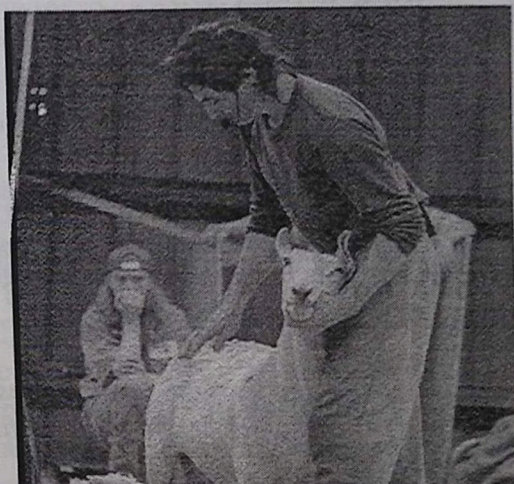
Latin class that day.

Rustitoddipopp: *<Speaks in a combination of Latin, Olde English, and German>*

The Mystery Popp: What more can you say?

Neil: Long live the Gollipops.

B&J

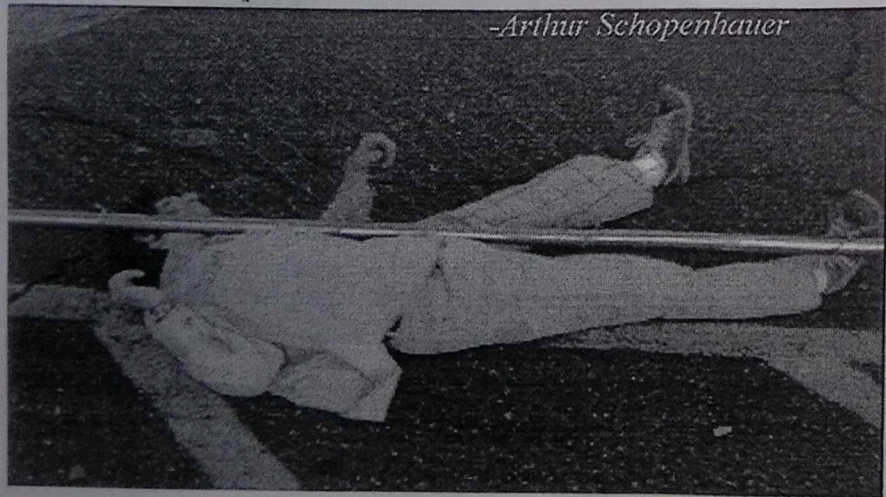


Wake Up! is a ten-part series of columns. It is a personal critique of modern "civilization". As such, it focuses on the issues that have immediacy for me. I have not covered many important topics, but my exclusion was not offensive; I have written *Wake Up!* both to express my own anger with established society and to motivate others into discussion, into action. It is given that I am a hypocrite. As a dweller of our society, I necessarily support some of its evils. This is no reason why I cannot or should not demand reform. If I were to seek personal purity before demanding change all around, I would die never having accomplished either.

Everyone must make the effort to be better, not necessarily perfect. As they read on, many will not agree with me, and that is fine to an extent. Rather than call me names or ignore all of my ideas because of a lousy few, consider well each point that I make. I would like to hear from the reader. If you agree with me, write back in support. If you disagree, tell me why I am wrong and why you are right (I am not immune to a change of opinion based on fact or on reason). If I have neglected to bring a point of importance to light, please correct my error. By all means write to ask for more information. By ignoring these issues, though, we will stagnate and collapse. Have the courage to live life.

"New thoughts and new truths go through three stages. First they are ridiculed. Next they are violently opposed. Then finally they are accepted as self evident."

-Arthur Schopenhauer



Chances are, if you are a [rich North] American reading this, you waste more than almost anyone in the world. Citizens of the United States represent only 5% of the world population but use 70% of resources at large; that's a disproportion of 1400%. Some might think that this situation is unequal, but not wrong, that the United States can afford so much while other nations will be able to once they are as "developed" as is ours. Guess again; consumers in the United States are a magnet for shit. "Oh, yeah?" the response

WAKE UP!



comes; "If we use up so much stuff, how come we're not swimming in garbage?" The answer here is an easy one, and not a tidbit about which industry or governments want you to know. Trash from the affluent consumer is carted or shipped to destinations where people are either sparse, too poor to speak out politically, or viewed as dispensable by their



own government. There, refuse is dumped with minimal planning and without regard to the effects of such a regime upon the inorganic habitat, nor upon the flora, nor upon animal life, both humyn and non. People like Wayne Huizenga (the Republican contributor head of Blockbuster Entertainment, Inc.), former owner of Waste Management,



Inc. (a notorious illegal dumping operation), haul the filth of the wealthy to poor nations of the Americas, of Africa, and of Asia. Dictators and corrupt office holders, in many cases, accept money or political support from such garbage merchants in return for the permission to discharge refuse. People living where these travesties occur are generally

oppressed and too frightened, uneducated and too ignorant, or in strife and too occupied to cry out. For their behalf, scream your conscience! Other waste is loaded onto barges, floated to open seas, and then burned. There is no separation of types of waste, nor a sensible procedure for incineration, nor regulatory filters; just deadly clouds of toxins, billowing up like an army set to kill. While this practice is illegal in many countries, national authorities have no jurisdiction over these crimes, which are planned so as to be outside all domestic waters. International crime fighters can do little better; tracking the polluters is difficult on the high seas. So, if you think that all of your trash is cleaned up, or is stored safely, or is put to good use, take a harder look at that casual myth promoted by the dumpers and by their greasy bedfellows.

A great example of the wasteful mindset that I have mentioned is grocery bags. Now, thank goodness, we have recycling facilities in many communities to handle those which shoppers discard. Before, though, it was simply, "throw it out". But if one stops for just a moment to think about this situation, as I did one fateful day, one sees the ab-

surdity. People will use a fresh set of bags every time that they go to the store; for some reason, the effort to round up the bags and recycle them is less troublesome to folks than is reusing them. Is there something wrong with the fucking bags? Are they no longer "virgins"? Did something happen to make them unclean? That the supermarkets do not encourage reuse is testimony of the ridiculous and societally ingrained attitude of the opulent consumer nation. The same business will skimp on quality of food items in order to lower prices, but never once even consider promoting a decrease in the overuse of the very bags for which the store must pay.

Grocery bags are just one maddenning example. Packaging is overrunning us a breakneck pace; even some of the organic foods (that is, grown without toxic and needless agricultural chemicals) that I buy are wrapped in plastic. An estimated 65% of landfill space is occupied by packaging. I try to reuse whenever I can, but have not yet found a function for used containers of EdenSoy beverage. These, like one-serving juice boxes, have an outer layer of cardboard with an impermeable inner coating; don't forget the adhesives needed to

bond the different materials. On the other hand, items like cardboard boxes and glass jars are easy to reincarnate. These are homogenous, which makes them easier to recycle; any product which mixes different materials very closely should be avoided when possible, as composites can be reprocessed only rarely and with great difficulty. However, don't overlook reusage. Old sauce, jam, juice, and pickle jars are great for items like beans, grains, pasta, and spices. Cardboard boxes make great file cabinets and libraries and dresser drawers. The Second Law of Thermodynamics states that any process must result in a loss of energy; thus, by avoiding the work of recycling, reusing is the greenest option.

Last year, my [Fairfax County, Virginia] school system suffered a paper shortage. Teachers were advised; students heard the announcements; moans were innumerable, jokes flowed aplenty. Some remarked, "We're the best school system in the country, and we can't get paper?" That's right! Eventually, not even all of your money can help you, rich ones. So, what did the paper shortage produce, aside from wisecracks? Sometimes, quizzes would be done on students' rather

than on teachers' paper. Um, yeah, that's it. Everyone seemed to go about their tasks with the same impunity as always. Printers churned out reams of untouched paper which got thrown out, staff made wasteful copies, students felt compelled to ruin a crisp new sheet for every new idea or problem set. As if there were no shortage! It's like Vegas hotels, where they pipe thousands of liters of water into pools and fountains every day; "Hello, [consumer name here]. What desert?" One positive result of the shortage was that it got me thinking. Since none of the laser printers in school can reuse paper that has been through them, even if it is totally blank, they all have adjacent trays brimming with misprints and no-prints. Why, I asked myself, should I bother to purchase new paper when there's a wellspring right under my nose? So I've been taking the paper (which is otherwise recycled or trashed) ever since. There is likely a business, institution, or home near you that has such "overflow" paper - search around and see if you can make use of it.

Then we have the toilet. Ah, venerable, comfortable, porcelain friend. How barbaric to do without one, right? Actually, there is nothing so great about a

toilet. Not even considering that living without one is no burden (except perhaps in the Arctic), the current sewage system is downright ridiculous. As installed in a normal home, toilets steal up to five gallons (18.925 liters) of drinking quality water with each flush. The waste water is not used for its valuable agricultural potential, but is processed along with hazardous waste which makes the organic sludge irretrievable. Under natural conditions, humyn bodily wastes are returned to the land to become clover and elm and fern and moss and bamboo. Our toilet system is a false comfort which is highly disruptive to the nutrient cycle.

Cars are another convenience that is destroying our biohabitat. The Ford Motor Company runs a laboratory that investigated tire wear, discovering that, in the United States alone, drivers introduce 600,000 pounds (272,155.44 kilograms) of tire dust into the environment every year. Cars choke the air - the very same air that you and I breathe - with toxic fumes and particles that destroy myriad forms of life, not least of which is the humyn animal. Further, most United States drivers have happily forgotten the oil shortage of the 1970s, and insist on driv-

ing large, inefficient vehicles with only the driver riding. We drive to places that are but a few blocks away, we drive in good and bad weather; I am sure that, if doorways were wide enough, some would drive inside of their houses. Cars are heaps of poison coating and filler packed onto a nondegradable frame; they each require 120,000 gallons (454,200 litres) of water in manufacture.

Housing is no better. Modern domiciles are models of waste. Almost all new housing is constructed with wooden frames, even though recycled plastic is now available for the job. The shape and design of housing is similarly thoughtless. Geodesic, or dome, houses use far less constructive material than yet are far more sturdy than the traditional model. Homes can be built with the bundled straw of rice sandwiched between mortar. On the inside, modern housing is equally bad. Washers and dryers, incandescent lights, large thermal ovens, and central heating and air conditioning are all examples of needless misuse of energy.

Large companies, despite what they may say, are wasteful in the extreme. Many are able to put on a consumo-genic wrap over their atrocities (and those are

not just environmental atrocities), presenting a cheerful and positive attitude to the customer, who will likely stuff viself on the deceptive facade. For every "MADE FROM RECYCLED MATERIAL. PLEASE RECYCLE." notice that a company posts onto its products, consider the sprays that it may have used, the forests that it may have decimated, the sounder packaging that it could have sought; for every announcement of a community cleanup by some business, ponder the contrabiological actions that it may have committed, the water that it may have befouled, the strip mines whose deadly goods it may have purchased. In the following cases, I hope to show just a tiny bit of this hidden irony. In a high school parking lot, I found (big surprise) a discarded greasy drive-thru bag from a McDonald's outlet. As I was eyeing the bag with disgust, a little something caught my attention. Could it be? Yes, it was the familiar three arrows of the recycling/recycled symbol. It so happens that McDonald's, in an aggressive green effort started by the company's abandonment of foam packaging several years ago, uses recycled paper for its drive-thru bags. Well! I guess that that move tidies up the for-

est destruction, desertification by intense agriculture, use of general biocides, use of fossil fuels, plastics manufacture, runoff into water systems, and excessive packaging that are all produced by and promoted by the McDonald's Corporation. Now Wal-Mart is getting in on the act. I have seen its television advertisements about the care which Wal-Mart reserves for the environment, and about its push to make the retailing giant more ecologically sound. Wal-Mart has brought in a professor of ecological engineering from the University of Virginia, a person who will help the company to wise up to Mother Nature. Yeah. I can rest easy now, knowing that Wal-Mart is really going to clean up. My point is not to diminish or to undermine any environmentally-minded movement by any person or by any group of people. To the contrary, I should point out that this new direction for such companies is a bold and barely charted method of advertising (let's face up to what is really behind it), an unsolicited and responsible path that I am glad to see chosen. However, much as I grant kudos to the effort, it is not sufficient; a token cleansing does not a good business make. Both McDonald's and Wal-Mart have

taken the first step on the thousand mile journey toward environmental harmony, but whether they continue is to be seen. Neither is, by any means, a company which I would support with my consumer dollars. Aside from their remaining environmental blotches, the two corporations engender terrible cruelty on non-humyn animals, promote status quo gender roles, abuse domestic and foreign workers, "colonize" scenic or historic areas, and donate political monies to further such activities. Nevertheless, when gargantuan enterprises go from super-beyond-evil to just pretty evil, it does make a great difference.

Music media are pretty lousy, as well. The advent of the compact disc allowed for plenty of music on not a lot of plastic, but what's the idea with jewel cases? What happened to the album jacket of vinyl discs? That is to say, slim packaging is one good thing about vinyl records; otherwise, they are chunks of junk. Especially seven inch, 45 rpm records, which use more material per music than other formats. Let your favorite label in on this helpful hint, and in the meantime, go for the CD with 83 minutes of music.

Citizens of the so called

First World, pointedly those of the United States of America, are monsters in terms of consumption and waste. It is time for this to end. We must reevaluate our practices as individuals and as a society. What I advocate is a return to the sensible solutions and harmonious living that come from bearing in mind every consequence of our actions upon this singular and wonderful planet. **BJ**

WWW.KOOKIE.KROOK.KOM

Everyone should visit the Adbuster's Culture Jamming Headquarters (<http://www.adbusters.org/mail.html>). The website takes a critical look at media, popular culture, and corporate America. Advocating social activism, they've begun to assemble the Culture Jammer's Handbook, which is growing as more readers contribute. You can download several excellent "uncommercials" that the organization has produced, a program also exists for broadcasting these commercials on your own local stations.

Chank Diesel (<http://www.chank.com/>) is doing wonderful things in typography. He has multiple free fonts that can be downloaded (several of which appear in this publica- **A**

Continued from Frodus (page 21) > **surprised by the answer?**

Shelby: Romania.

Kurt: You should be proud!

<Jason laughs!>

Shelby: I am proud. I enjoy Eastern Europe more than here.

Jason: There's only one city.

Shelby: In the Czech Republic; one's all you need.

Jason: You should be proud!

Neil: How was the trip?

Shelby: It was very nice.

*tion). There are also very cheap complete font packages for sale too. Along with the preexisting fonts there's information on creating your own, plus other desktop and typography resources.

Matt Sesow's Webpage (<http://members.aol.com/sesow/index.htm>) is a collection of many of his works, ranging from chalk on cardboard to Pixel Vision short films. You can purchase a collection of all his cinematic work for I think either 10 or 15 dollars, pretty cheap either way when you consider that this also includes shipping. His website links to various art collectives along with information about his favorite writers and performers.

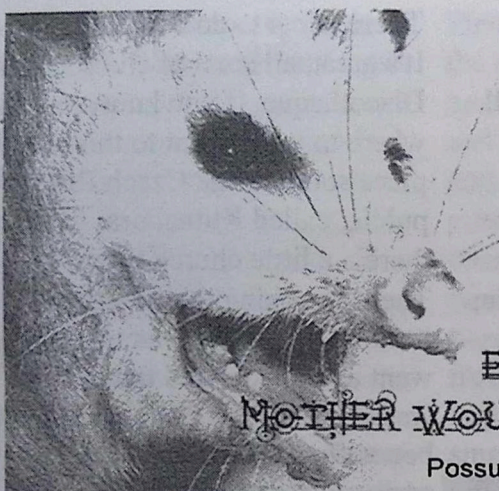
B. J.

There's lots to do over there. It's great, all sorts of clubs and Discotheque, if you know where to go. I went to this place south of the Czech Republic, called Kutnahora, there's a little church there. There's nothing there; just a little Eastern European town. I went to a chapel and the inside was decorated by 30,000 human bones from the plague. It was pretty cool. So metal. I like it.

Kurt: Speaking of metal, we were talking to a guy at the Chinese Restaurant down the street, smelling badly of alcohol. He was asking all sorts of things about our food and said, "You guys are going to the place down the street," and we said "yup". And he said, "Don't party too hard to that heavy metal. That's what you guys listen to." Play a little metal just for him. **B. J.**

IMPORTANT!

If you plan to use the patches on the cover you have to set the ink by ironing them for a couple minutes, otherwise they will bleed when they get wet. Iron the cover and it becomes impervious to the elements. Trust me!



Since I was a boy I was always interested in animals. One of the more common animals you see in Virginia is the Virginia opossum.

EVERYTHING YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T TELL YOU...

Possum Theory by Dr. Moore

➤ Everybody knows that they're gray and that they are ugly and that they get hit by cars a lot. A lot of people know that they are the only marsupial in North America. Australia is full of marsupials, but we only have one here.

After that I found that there was no more research on opossums. I looked everywhere. No one had ever researched possums. It became apparent that there was a personal distaste with all researchers, all scientists, all biologists, all naturalists.

Nobody liked possums.

Nobody cares about possums. Nobody eats possums except the Beverly Hillbillies, and they don't even eat them unless they have to, because they don't taste good. Nobody likes possums so no research has ever been done on them. So, I realized that here was a wide open chance for me, as a biology student, I could become the world's authority on opossums, which I undertook to do.

Through diligent study out in the field, I watched possums for years. I studied all kinds of things from their gestation period to their maternal instincts to their violent habits. It became quickly apparent that they are quite an unusual animal. The main thing was that they have no means of self defense. It was obvious that any sort of animal could go up and kill a possum, that being a bear or a fox. A wolverine could certainly kill an opossum any time he wanted to. The possum is saved by its lack of taste; dress, shape, appearance, everything about them is ugly, and so all the

other animals leave them alone because they do not want to be around them. They don't taste good, they're no fun, they're not fun to kill, there's no challenge, they don't run away. Everybody leaves them alone. It's a pretty amazing phenomenon. These animals are surviving because nobody wants them around. They just leave them alone.

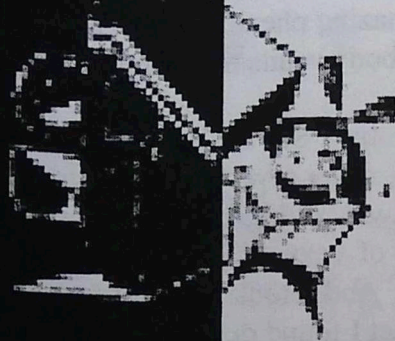
Now, the sex part is interesting. Sex is always interesting. And I studied opossums for years, never saw them copulate, never saw them have sex, never even saw them blink at each other. I never saw any signs that any type of sexual innuendo was going on. Certainly not any fertilization. And it took a lot of laboratory and genetic studies to find out what I found out, which no one knows until right now. This is the first time. It sounds pretty exciting doesn't it?

What happens is that possums don't have sex. And it goes back to the exact same thing that we talked about earlier; they don't like each other. Opossums find themselves repugnant. They don't hang out with each other, they don't like each other, they think that they're ugly, and they never have sex. Now, you might ask, "What happens? How do they reproduce?" That's a good question. It took more research, years of study in the field, especially along the roads to find out what really happens with the opossum's reproductive process.

First of all, all opossums are the same opossum. They are all clones of one original opossum that was brought over here by who knows...it might have been on a raft. How do the clones reproduce? It's asexual. And what we found was that when the possum matures they are not male or female, they are just opossums. I think that's where the 'o' comes from, for "opossum". They're just possum...not male, just possum.

All opossums can reproduce, because when they get to be adults, they start to form these buds on their backs. These buds will develop into a new clone of the opossum. Of course that explains a lot of things. It explains why they don't have sex, because they don't want to have incest. They recognize that they are making love to themselves, and it's depressing. This also explains why they are all the same stupid animal.

Now, the sex thing is pretty interesting. What happens is



Though this issue is limited mostly to the records we already own, reviews aren't exclusively record reviews. Send us your zines, videos, apparel, and all your techno wizardry. Anyway we like free stuff.

REVIEWS

Crap Hound. "A Picture Book for Discussion and Activity"-This doesn't focus on any issue on particular but on the magazine as a whole. **Crap Hound** is a very critical collection of images pulled out of media and advertisements. Basically its a damn sharp collection of counter-culture clip art, each issue covering three broad areas. The latest being Devils, Clowns, and Bait and previous issues feature Death, Telephones, and Scissors and the infamous Sex and

Kitchen Gadgets issue. Along with the images (so beautifully aranged) are his own written criticism and humor. **Sean Teraratchi** is easily my hero and deserves your mail, money (issues cost 6 dollars), and contributions (I think "sad people" is in the works) at PO Box 40373, Portland, OR 97240-0373.

The Delta 72. "The R&B of Membership" CD- Featuring members of **Cupid Car Club** and **Junction**, this band has a sound that should be farther South than Washington, DC. The band's rock organ, harmonica, and slightly distorted vocals border on the excitement of a frenzied Baptist church, at times reminscent of the **Blues Explosion**. If energetic, tight loud stuff is what you're after, here's where its at. Buy it, memorize every song and then run out and see them live. **Touch and Go Records** PO Box 25520 Chicago, IL 60625.

Frodus/the Trans Megetti. split 7"- This record gives a first glance at the mysterious origins of both band's names. The only

thing wrong with this record is that it's so damn short. The Trans Megetti rock out with "Brakes" and do the emo/spazz thing with great vocals and lyrics to boot. Then Frodus rips it open and bruns the mutha down with "Suspicion Breeds Confidence", A real rump shaker live and a definite Frodus classic. Wow, this one's even on clear vinyl; act fast, its limited. Art Monk Construction, PO Box 6332 Falls Church, VA 22040-6332

Kerosine 454/Bluetip. split 7"- This seven incher released for their tour features a typical Kerosine number: weird timings, anguished vocals, the usual fare. Their song is on their new album and is Reason Number One to check out this record. Reason Number Two is the scary "Haunted House" by Bluetip. A little slower than their

other works, but still has the rock in it.

Sometime the vocals lean toward

Alternatypes, but not a hinderance to its rockability.

Maggadee Records
PO Box 66 Hoboken,
NJ 07030.

Lovit Empire. comp 7"- This is one smoldering compilation. 100% rock. Monorchid, featuring ex-Circus Lupus, spin a cajun rocker thing. Followed by the Shivers from Brooklyn, a band with a sound not unlike early B-52's (that's a good thing). What treasures the B-side
THE DELTA 72 ➤



brings: DC's
Bluetip, a rock'n
outfit in the Quick-
sand vein with a
dreamy frontman.
Mmmmm... and the
last
band...Produs...so
much spazz, so little
time...mmm...
sitting down. Fi-
nally you can know
the English meaning
behind Cha-Chi. A
great comp. worthy
of repeated listen-
ing. Lovitt Records.
5800 W. Friendly
Ave. Box 17358
Greensboro, NC
27410.

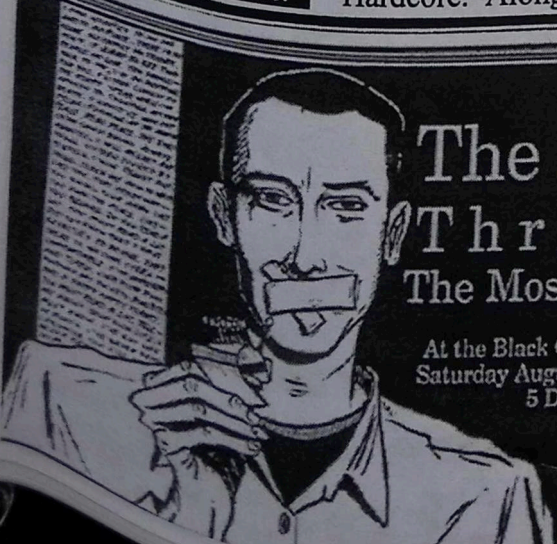
**Monorchid. "Dis-
tortion Babies" 7"-**
More Circus Lupus-
esque cacophony
from these rockers.

Now on Simple Machines they appear to gain more focus on their cajun-core rock with each release. A twang on the guitar gives the album an almost rockabilly feel, but keeps that DC flave. Rock and freak'n roll, baby. Simple Machines PO Box 10290 Arlington, VA 22210-1290

The Most Secret Method. s/t 7"- I want to start out by saying that I can't get enough of this band. Everything is great: the artwork and the music, oh the music. Guy and gal vocals, tight rhythms and noisy, discordant, but then soothing guitars. One song with vocals and one without, this 7" draws you from beginning to end, right down to the Obi Wan sample. This one will have you hooked- a beautiful example of DC craftsmanship. Write to them at: Most Secret Method PO Box 32014 Washington, DC 20007-1314.

Positive State. s/t cassette- This band seems to travel back in time; the cassette was made so that they could cheaply and quickly get out their new sound, which seems to harken back to the days of 80's Hardcore. Along with the extremely fast

^ The reveiws run on! Page 41



The Delta '72
Thrift Unit
The Most Secret Method

At the Black Cat. 1831 14th Street NW.
Saturday August 31st. Doors open at 9:30.
5 Dollars. All Ages.

Mancake (page 10) will kill them... The Mancake song Louisiana Purchase, is a metaphor; I package leprosy and sell it to this kid, for a buck fifty, and he falls apart."

The origin of Mancake itself is mysterious. Believed to have been spawned during an experiment in the Frodus Sound Laboratories in which a man was fused with a pancake in hopes of creating a being fueled by its own high-end proteins, the experiment went askew and the half man, half pancake, all MANCAKE was formed. For more information look for Mancake releases on Art Monk and in the far future, Lovitt. If your curious about other frodonic experiments, contact the Frodus Sound Laboratories at FSL, po Box 2633, Springfield, Va 22152 **B&J**



Possum Sex... oh-la-lah (page 35) that they are stimulated by impact. When they get to a certain age, the buds stop growing on an adult opossum. It takes impact. They have to be struck very hard for these buds to start growing into new opossums.

Well, what happened was that in the old days, before cars, they would climb up to the top of a tree or cliff and jump off and the impact would cause a few of those buds to open up and the opossums would grow. The impact would kill that possum, but they are so stupid, they don't care.

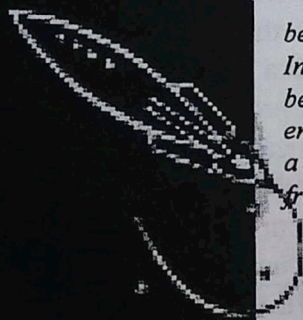
The reason we have so many opossums today is the cars on the highway. Very few people in this area have driven more than a mile anywhere and not seen a dead opossum in the road. I can't drive home without seeing one. I've seen three this morning on my way here.

Well, at any rate, what happens is, when the opossums get the idea that their buds are ready to grow, they charge out and try to get hit by cars, but they are very stupid so usually, they miss. It might take them 10 or 15 times before they finally get hit by a car. But, when they do, it kills them. So, you'll see all of these baby opossums on their backs... they just sprout up. Sometimes they'll attach themselves to another opossum for a while, get a free ride, then be on their way.

There was suppose to be an amazing DIY-"so you want to be an indie rocker" thing, but Kurt (he screened the covers) still hasn't gotten around to putting it together.

Vegan food can be tricky to prepare because eggs are hard to replace as binding agents. In this recipe cornstarch and whole wheat flour may be used instead of eggs to bind the grated ingredients. Be forewarned though: the beets give this loaf a bloody "rare" look that may cause fright. Taken from Vegetarian Nights.

LENTIL NUTLOAF

- 
- 1 rounded cup brown lentils
 - .5 cup minced onions
 - 1 cup finely chopped walnuts
 - 6 cloves pressed garlic
 - 2 cups finely grated beet, well-drained in a strainer
 - .5 cup chopped green peppers
 - 1.25 cups cooked rice (leftovers are fine)
 - .66 cups wheat germ
 - 1.5 teaspoons dried basil leaves
 - 1.5 teaspoons seasoned salt
 - .66 cup olive oil
 - 2 table spoons whole wheat flour
 - 1 table spoon balsamic vinegar

Cook the lentils until tender in boiling, unsalted water for 35 minutes. When the lentils are done, preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Drain the lentils well, pressing excess moisture out of them. This will prevent a mushy loaf. Mix them thoroughly with all the remaining ingredients. Generously oil an 8-inch square baking pan and press in the lentils evenly. Bake 45 minutes uncovered. **[B&J]**

Bechamel Nouvelle

- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons whole wheat flour
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 to 1.5 cups soy milk
- Salt and pepper (optional)

Heat the oil in a sauce pan until it's hot, then whisk in the flour. Keep whisking for about 2 minutes, over medium heat,

then add the soy sauce and 1 cup of the soy milk gradually, whisking all the time. Bring the sauce to a simmer.

Continue to simmer the sauce for about 10 minutes, whisking frequently. As it thickens, whisk in additional milk to your chosen consistency. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

▲ I'm tasty! Put me on the Nut Loaf!

Possum (p. 39) ▽ And that's the truth, and people probably don't agree, but I just dare them to go out and do the research to prove me wrong, because no one is going to spend any time with opossums like I have, so I think I'm safe. That's the opossum theory. **B. J.**



Page 39 ▽ guitars are the screamed lyrics that are impossible to keep up with, the lyrics being nothing but current. Angry and distrustful the lyrics remind me something of Propagandi (though much faster). Music for angry dinosaurs! The People PO Box 3802 Fairfax, VA 22038.

The reviews you want to read! ▽ **The Son of Godzilla (TBS, 9:05 Dec 26th)-** I was real pissed off when 20 minutes into the show I realized I should be taping it... Anyway to set the stage; imagine Jurassic Park without the dinosaurs, and your left with a hot tropical island, now add some 16 foot tall insects and some poorly dressed Japanese men trying to control the weather; definitely a recipe for trouble. An unhatched baby Godzilla interferes with the weather experiment causing a "radioactive storm of gigantic proportions", causing the bugs to grow to heights of at least 60 feet. They proceed to dig up baby Godzilla, starting all their problems. To make a long story short, as the baby Godzilla is harassed by three preying mantises; his donkey-like screams summon Godzilla from the bottom of the sea (Godzilla of course, with monster like glory destroys the weather lab while saving his child). Somewhere in all of this the photographer finds the elusive island jungle babe who can communicate to baby Godzilla by whistling through her hands, a crazy guys shoots a gun and tries to leave, a mysterious spider almost kills Godzilla (don't worry- he doesn't), and baby Godzilla shoots puny rings of Godzilla fire before they both succumb to the islands' blizzard (before fleeing, the men royally fucked up the climate of the once tropical island.) Definitely worth seeing, if not for the chance to see the soccer skills of insects, beautiful island maidens and the maternal instincts of Godzilla, but for crazy theme music that follows baby Godzilla everywhere. **B. J.**



Enjoy good, old-fashioned, anti-corporate propaganda? Despise a government that destroys the environment, shuns logic, and tends to screw over the citizens who ostensibly control it? Here is a tidbit on that favorite player of the military/wasteful consumer products game, DuPont Company.

BIG BUSINESS

Up until 1937, the growth of, sale of, and use of hemp was regulated at the federal level of the United States of America only by general laws-agricultural codes, food and drug labelling, medical law, and run-of-the-mill taxation. Many people used hemp and hemp products for a variety of uses, and few realized that the Spanish word marijuana or the "killer weed" maligned in the press of William Randolph Hearst* referred to the same

plant which provided them food, clothing, and personal care products. Things were about to change for the hemp industries.

Author Peter McWilliams writes, "On March 29, 1937, the Supreme Court decided that machine guns could be prohibited by first passing an act taxing them, then using the tax-law to ban them altogether. On April 14, 1937, the Marijuana Tax Act was introduced to Congress." Well! It took the do-gooders but sixteen days to spring into action. Yes, but what does all of this have to do with Du Pont?

The folks at Du Pont Company had been busy bringing wonderful new products to the marketplace. In Germany, they took out patents on that now ubiquitous fiber, nylon. Nylon is a synthetic which is a product of petroleum and coal tar. State-side, the company had recently patented a paper-making process. The process turned wood pulp into paper, and, great surprise, involved several of the company's own chemicals. Hemp fiber was, and remains, easily produced, durable, and warm. Hemp

paper uses few chemicals at all, and none of Du Pont's stock.

At this point in time, Harry Anslinger* was Commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. A marijuana hating zealot, Anslinger was appointed by Andrew Mellon, who was an in-law and Secretary of the Treasury from 1921 until 1932. Peter McWilliams again notes eloquently: "Mellon was the largest stockholder in Mellon Bank, one of two banks with which DuPont exclusively did business. This is, of course, entirely coincidental, and has nothing to do with the discussion at hand." Goodness, why would a powerful industrial giant like Du Pont support the ban of a plant whose uses would make the company's products obsolete?

So that is a little tale about Du Pont, hemp, and corporate influence in government. I hope you enjoyed, and don't forget to buy Du Pont! **B&J**

*William Randolph Hearst (1863-1951) was the great newspaper mogul and United States Representative whose yellow journalism essentially caused the Spanish-American War in 1898. Hearst owned the forests and paper mills that made vis newsprint, and thus was not fond of hemp, which, according to vis headlines, "Makes Fiends of Boys in 30 Days". Commissioner Anslinger was often quoted in Hearst papers as a marijuana expert, and occasionally wrote pieces for publication in these same.

McWilliams, Peter. Ain't Nobody's Business If You Do. Los Angeles: Prelude Press, 1993.

Source of most information here. Brilliant tome on the unethical criminalizing of consensual activities.

Herer, Jack. The Emperor Wears No Clothes: Hemp & The Marijuana Conspiracy. Revised Edition. Van Nuys, California: HEMP Publishing, 1992.

Thank You

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